

The Girls by Luv_Haze

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Summary:

When the kids beg to go camping, their parents insist that their older siblings (and Steve) tag along for safety. It's bad enough that Steve has been perplexed by his recent attraction to Billy Hargrove, but when he sneaks out of his tent in the middle of the night in search of some much-needed privacy after watching his crush frolic in the lake all day, he runs right into him. They end up talking about who they currently like and since Steve can't just come out and say who he likes, he describes Billy as a girl—a gorgeous ten with a perfect ass. The girl Billy likes sounds hideous, but it's not like Steve thought he had an actual chance with the guy, even if they did end up jacking off together in the woods that night.

The Girls

Wandering around the woods by himself in the middle of the night, in Hawkins of all places, was not Steve's brightest idea. Even the sound of the smallest twig snapping had his heart racing, but it had been months since El closed the gate so odds were it was just a woodland critter and not another demo-creature and anyway, it wasn't like he had much of a choice. He'd already tossed and turned in his tent for an hour with a raging hard on that wouldn't go away on its own. He just needed to be alone and with all their tents so close together, there was no way he was going to jerk off with the kids a few feet away with only some flimsy tarp strung up between them.

Steve remembered seeing a small boat shed when he'd driven around the lake to their campsite so he headed there, careful not to stomp around and scare the others as he left. Those kids had been through enough already, they didn't need to be terrorized by noises in the woods due to Steve's unruly erection. The blasted thing had terrorized him enough for the bunch of them, but that was only because of *who* it was aching for.

The kids would be fine if he ducked out for twenty minutes. He'd estimated fifteen to get there and back and five to take care of his little problem. But who was he kidding, he'd barely make it ninety seconds once he got his pants down because every single thing his crush did—*all fucking day*—had kept him in a state of constant arousal and that sucked because it wasn't like his crush *knew* Steve swung that way and was deliberately trying to get him all hot and bothered with every single stretch and flex of his muscles, with every little smile and flash of his blinding white teeth. Nope, the guy was totally clueless and yet still the biggest turn on ever.

Steve grumbled at whatever part of him thought it was a good idea to crush on Billy fucking Hargrove.

Steve reassured himself that he wasn't being a bad babysitter. Even though Jonathan and Nancy had dipped out early from roasting marshmallows, they were in their shared tent and could be roused easily in case of an emergency and Billy was still at the campsite in

his own tent, probably smoking his way through a pack of cigarettes and thumbing through a Penthouse. And let's face it, everyone on the camping trip had proven themselves as survivors or fighters.

He tried to imagine what Billy would do if faced with some horror that crawled out from the Upside Down. Probably tackle it to the ground and wail on it until the rest of them were safe. That or throw Lucas at it for bait then run off screaming in the other direction. Steve chuckled at the thought, not of Lucas being bait, but of Billy shrieking and running off, but he knew that in reality if something happened, Billy wouldn't bail on them.

Turns out, Billy had a relatively good heart, it had just been buried under a wall of concrete rage when he'd first arrived in Hawkins. In the few months since he'd beaten Steve unconscious, Billy had turned over a new leaf and slowly but surely, he'd become tolerable and even cautiously welcomed in their band of unlikely friends. He was still the group's wildcard though and they had yet to bring him into the fold about the Upside Down, but Steve had faith that if faced with it, Billy would step up and help protect the kids.

Billy who had sauntered around without a shirt on *all* day, soaking in the unusual Indiana spring heat wave. Billy who had taunted him from the water, dared him to come in, rolled his eyes and called him a pansy-ass cream puff when Steve declined after he and the kids had stuck their toes in then huddled up for a group decision and agreed it was still too cold for swimming, that they were skipping death by hypothermia thank you very much. Somehow, though, Billy had convinced Jonathan and Nancy to get in and get wet while Steve helped the kids set up their tents.

Turned out, Max and Will were quite the MVPs of setting up tents. El not so much, the girl had some mad telekinetic skills but tent poles were beyond her capabilities apparently. Dustin and Lucas had gathered the firewood while Mike just sat on a log and talked to El the entire time after she begrudgingly gave up on becoming a world class tent expert and sat down beside him.

After Steve had finished with his tent, he called her over to show her how to set up a campfire. Mike nearly had a conniption fit at the interruption but hurried along behind her spouting all his tips for

campfires in some misguided attempt to impress her, even bragging that he had never been a Boy Scout but learned everything there was to know about camping and campfires all on his own—from books.

Billy had made his way back to them from his swim in the lake just as Lucas was rolling his eyes at Mike's extensive and never-ending camping resume. He stood shivering by the pile of kindling, refusing to put on his shirt even after Max threw it at him and told him no one wanted to see that. Well, that wasn't true. Steve wanted to see that.

Fuck. In what world was it fair that Billy Hargrove still looked like a bad ass even when he was cold and shivering?

Steve stared a little too long at his wet arms and glistening chest only to snap out of it when Billy accepted the offer of Will's unused He-Man beach towel and started drying off. Will beamed when Billy even murmured a *thanks kid*.

Not only did Billy look bad ass wet and shivering, but he still looked formidable even with a cartoon He-Man towel wrapped around his shoulders that declared "I have the power" in big, bold letters. Quite frankly, Steve thought the slogan was a little too on point given his situation.

Billy *did* have the power. The power to make Steve's cock drag him out into the woods like it was some sort of magical dowsing stick in search of sweet, mind-numbing release. Stupid He-Man towel. Stupid Billy Hargrove and his mesmerizing blue eyes and pretty eyelashes. And that ass. Steve nearly whined.

Lost in the memory of Billy's perfect butt, Steve tripped over a root and stumbled a bit, biting back a *fuck*, trying to keep quiet as he approached the boat shed, not that he was anywhere near the kids anymore, but still, one could never have too much practice in being stealthy. Just as he reached the door, he noticed a light bounce from inside the shed's one dingy window and crouched to hide out of view.

Someone was inside with a flashlight. Steve centered his breathing, his heart thudding in his chest from being startled. Upside Down

demons usually didn't carry flashlights so he calmed himself by affirming it had to be a person.

"Jonathan..." Nancy's voice wafted through the walls.

Steve rolled his eyes. Of course, it was Nancy and Jonathan. Fuckers. They were probably on the same mission he was and looking for some privacy, but man, how had they snuck away without him noticing? Some chaperone he was. He was about to throw open the door and scare the shit out of them when he heard Nancy moan. He knew that moan. Didn't miss it though. He had loved her, really loved her, which was why he'd been able to let her go when she and Jonathan finally worked up the nerve to confess their feelings to each other.

He wanted her to be happy and knowing Jonathan made her happy had helped Steve move on and get over her. He wasn't even attracted to her like that anymore, only thoughts of Billy's hard body charged him up these days. Steve had always known he'd had an interest in both sexes, he just hadn't had a chance to date or hook up with any guys yet and he doubted Billy would be the rare unicorn that he'd finally get to prance around with. Guys like Billy beat the shit out of guys like Steve, they certainly didn't take them on dates, hold their hands and whisper sweet nothings in their ear.

Fuck, he was crushing so hard.

Slowly raising his head, Steve peered in through the dusty window. Nancy was perched up on a sturdy table, her legs wrapped loosely around Jonathan's hips as he stood between them. But sweet fuck, they were fully dressed and Byers barely had his hand up Nancy's shirt and their kissing was beyond tame. What sort of junior high fuckery was this? Steve couldn't believe she had dumped him and their pretty active sex life to let Jonathan finally get to second base.

But then Nancy started unbuckling Jonathan's belt and Steve rejoiced that he hadn't taken on a life of unintentional abstinence for nothing. At least they were about to get some, even if Steve wasn't.

Another twig snapped, but Steve ignored it in favor of watching to see what Nancy and Jonathan would do next. He wasn't spying, just

making sure they were okay. And it wasn't like he was going to keep watching or anything, he just had to make sure they were actually going to get to third base and maybe steal home (god bless Jonathan's considerate little heart) *and* he still had his own problem to take care of, which was progressively demanding more and more attention now that he'd stumbled upon some teenagers making out in the shed.

A soft whiff of cigarette smoke caught his attention. Steve mouthed a silent *fuck* to himself before slowly lowering his head below the windowsill and turning to face who he already knew was there.

Billy was leaning up against a nearby tree (*finally* wearing his shirt and jean jacket), staring at him from behind those crazy beautiful lashes and taking a long, quiet drag of his cigarette. Steve froze. Smoke billowed out of Billy's mouth then his tongue slid along his lips in his signature move that should really be illegal. Especially in the Midwest. The corners of his mouth quirked up into a dangerous smile as he beckoned Steve with a lazy wave of two fingers.

Steve lamented his luck, both good and bad. The bad luck was that Billy would no doubt see the hard on pressing through his jeans thanks to the nearly full moon illuminating the night sky. The good luck was, his hard on was ecstatic that Billy would finally notice it, though it wanted a bit more than just recognition in the long run, it'd take what it could get right now.

Continuing to stay low, Steve slunk over to him before standing upright and grabbing Billy's arm to pull them both behind a tree that would barely hide one of their arms much less make either of them invisible.

"What are you doing here?" Steve whispered.

Billy shook his head, another smile, this one much more devious than the last one. "Fuck Harrington, what are *you* doing here? You spyin' on dear old Nancy?" Thank god he had the sense to keep his voice down.

"What? No." That wasn't *why* he was here, that was just *what* he had been doing once he got here.

“Awww, Byers then? I mean, he’s not my type but whatever gets your engine going I guess.” Billy took another drag as his eyes wandered down to Steve’s lips.

At least, that’s where Steve thought his eyes had wandered off to, but it wasn’t like Billy wanted to kiss him or anything, probably just some weird side effect of the guy’s massive oral fixation. That or he was fucking with him.

Fuck, of course Billy was fucking with him. That’s what Billy did.

“Shhh, no. Jesus.” Steve balked at the idea. Jonathan was a decent guy, but like, what? No. No way. How would that even work? “I didn’t even know they were in there until I got here.”

Billy popped his jaw. “So why you here then if it’s not to get off on watching your ex take it from that scarecrow?”

They couldn’t have this conversation here. Steve reached for Billy’s arm again, hesitating for a moment before curling his hand around his wrist. He tugged him off toward the lake.

Billy just went along with him until Steve felt they were in the clear and let go of his arm, but immediately wished he hadn’t. He didn’t know what to do with his hand after that and it awkwardly ran through his hair then it darted to his side before jumping up to his hip. And now he looked like a mom reprimanding her kids, great. He forced his hand down and let it dangle by his side. It was the most normal place for his hand to be and yet he felt self-conscious, uncomfortable and like the most inept person in the world.

If Billy noticed, he didn’t let on. He was busy putting out his cigarette on the bottom of his boot and taking great care to pocket the butt.

“What, are you saving that?” It wasn’t like he cared, he just needed to get the attention off of himself.

Billy squinted his eyes. “Forest fires you dumb fuck.”

Shit. Of course. “Ah, right.” Steve looked around, anywhere but at Billy’s face. He still had a raging hard on and nowhere to take care

of it and now he felt like a total dweeb standing out on the shores of the lake with Billy fucking Hargrove schooling him on forest safety like Smoky the Bear.

This just wasn't his night.

He was about to point out that there was a lake within feet of them that Billy could just toss it into, but then he wasn't up for being schooled on littering in natural bodies of water so quickly after the first smack down. Fucking Californian.

"What are you going to do about that?" Billy asked and for a moment, Steve had no idea what he was talking about. That is, until he tracked Billy's eyes down to his own crotch.

Steve turned his hips away. "Dude. What!"

"Byers groping at your old lady's tits must be grade-A spank material, I mean Jesus Harrington, how are you even walking with that thing?"

Steve's head shook as the horror of what Billy was saying—no, *noticing and pointing at*—came out into the open between them. "Uh, hello, I'm standing, not walking. And it's just the way the jeans bunch up that makes it look like that."

Billy laughed, but not *at* him. Steve had actually cracked him up. Huh. Interesting.

Having expected another blunt comeback, the sincere laughter caught Steve off guard, not because he hadn't heard him laugh before, he had, but because he had never *made* Billy genuinely laugh out loud like he couldn't help himself until now. Billy's eyes were even twinkling and he looked happy and free and not so pent up.

"Shit," Billy said, scraping his teeth over his bottom lip as he reigned in his smile. "Man, you either gotta get new jeans or stop lying because that, my friend, looks like it could chop down a fucking tree."

Steve preened a little bit on the inside. Did Billy just imply that Steve was packing? I mean, he was, sorta, but did he just receive a compliment about his size? From his crush? Who was obviously

checking out the situation in his pants. He's pretty sure that if his dick was a teenage girl it'd be hyperventilating and squealing in joy right now saying *he looked at me!*

Steve ran his hand through his hair again. This time it didn't feel awkward. "Okay fine. I was looking for somewhere to you know... be alone. They just beat me to it. I'm not...it's not like that anymore. Me and Nancy."

Billy sniffed. "So then...who's it for?"

Shit. Who the fuck asked something like that? Steve rubbed his hand over his face, huffing a little like he was put off by the question when really he was contemplating if he could outrun him if he just fucking bolted. Not that Billy would chase him, because why would he, but still. It's not like he could just say *who* his dick was fangirling over, because he didn't want to be punched in the face and knocked into the lake.

Then suddenly, he realized that he could just bend the truth a little. Billy would only know what he told him, so why not tell him something to appease his nosy ass curiosity and throw him off at the same time?

Steve put both hands on his hips and smiled like it was no big deal. He shrugged and answered. "Just this girl."

Billy's eyes narrowed. "Just some girl?"

"I didn't say *some* girl. I said *this* girl." Steve didn't know why he was bothering to clarify what he said, but he wanted control of the the conversation and so far tonight, Billy had been the one to verbally yank him around on a tight leash.

Billy bit the inside of his lip then reached into the pocket of his jean jacket. He pulled out his pack of smokes and tapped the box until one popped out. He fished his lighter out of the same pocket. "What's her name?"

"I'm not telling you," Steve blurted out. Okay, that sounded dumb, because why wouldn't he just say her name if he had nothing to

hide? His mind scrambled for some sort of explanation. “I, uh, haven’t made my move yet and you’re the last guy I want sniffing around her.”

Yeah, yeah, that would work.

“You’re that worried I’d get her first?” Billy cupped his hand around the end of the cigarette to light it. He inhaled the nicotine deeply and licked his damn lips again. He spoke while still holding the smoke in his lungs. “We don’t exactly have the same type if Wheeler is anything to go off of.” He exhaled, the smoke pouring out of his mouth in a steady, deliberate stream.

“You don’t think Nancy is pretty?” He could see it though, that she wouldn’t be Billy’s type. He probably liked slutty, bad girls who didn’t judge him for being all sexy and liberated. Nancy wouldn’t give him the time of day anyway.

Billy shrugged. “Like I said, not my type. Don’t get all wound up, Harrington, I’ve got my eye on someone else anyway, it’s not like I’d go after some girl just because you have a baseball bat in your pants over her.”

Steve both preened again and felt his stomach drop. Baseball bat, now *that* was definitely a compliment, right? God, Steve was so fucked if he was reading into every little thing *straight-as-fuck* Billy Hargrove was saying about his cock. But then Billy had his eye on a girl. Of course he did, why wouldn’t he, he probably got laid every weekend and Steve knew he didn’t have a real shot with him, but knowing the guy was lustng after some girl still felt like a punch to the gut.

“Which, by the way, that doesn’t seem to taking care of itself.” Billy motioned the hand with the cigarette in it towards Steve’s crotch. “There’s another shack up the way, that’s where I was headed after I found The Scarecrow and Mrs. King in this one, you can come if you want. Or don’t. Up to you.”

Going anywhere with Billy was the best idea and also the worst idea given Steve’s state. “Uh and why exactly are you out here? You still haven’t told me.”

Billy looked away, took another drag. “Same reason. Too many brats in one place, wanted to be alone.”

Steve wasn’t sure why they’d willingly skip off together if they were both looking to be alone, but he wanted to find out who this girl was that Billy had his eye on so he could suck it up and tag along for a bit, maybe weasel it out of him. And then maybe later when Nancy and Jonathan had cleared out of the shed, Steve could circle back to it for one last try at appeasing his cock.

“Yeah, sure,” Steve said. He swore he saw a flash of surprise in Billy’s eyes, but it was probably the moonlight playing tricks on him. “Lead the way.”

It didn’t take them long to find it. It was a bit further back from the lake than the other one, which is why Steve supposed he didn’t see it earlier when he drove in. How Billy knew it was out here was beyond him. Billy jimmied the door until it creaked open then headed inside using his lighter to see.

Steve lingered in the doorway, watching as Billy reached for something in the shadows. Suddenly the room lit up and Billy turned around holding a kerosene lantern covered in dust but still giving off enough light for them to take in their surroundings.

There were some fishing poles in the corner, a work bench with a tackle box on it that had seen better days and some cinderblocks stacked along the back wall. Oh and one broken oar that was missing half the handle. Billy picked it up and stuck it in the corner with the fishing poles.

“Shut the door,” Billy said and Steve stepped inside and closed it, messing with the old latch until it fell into place.

When he turned around, Billy was leaning up against the work bench, hands shoved into his jeans pockets, eyes on Steve.

“Tell me about this girl.” Billy crossed his feet and stretched back as if this rundown shack was the most comfortable place in the world.

Steve didn’t answer, not sure what he wanted to reveal. Instead he

ignored the question and attempted to sit on the stack of cinder blocks. He jumped up when the concrete edge dug into his ass in the wrong spot because they weren't wide enough to sit on the way they were stacked. And then he saw the tiniest spider scurry by and stumbled back, knocking into the fishing poles and the oar. He turned to grab at them with both hands when they started to fall, using his hip and his upper arm to corral them back into place.

Super smooth move, what an excellent show of his stealthy ninja skills. Not.

After repeatedly fighting with one that just wouldn't take direction and lean back into the corner like a good little pole, he finally got them all bunched together and forced into place. Steve's hands hovered around the poles until he was sure they were going to stay put, especially the rebellious one.

Billy seemed content to just watch him flounder. "You going to tell me who she is or are we going to cross our fingers and hope for the best that we're not gunning for the same bitch."

Steve tried leaning against the wall in several places before picking a spot and crossing his arms over his chest and hooking one foot over the other. Fuck, he'd never been this awkward in his entire life. "I'm pretty sure it's not the same girl." In fact, he knew it wasn't, because his girl was Billy. But Billy didn't know that and it would be the perfect segue into finding out who Billy liked. "But, uh, since it could be...she's smoking hot. Definitely a ten."

That was true. Billy was a ten in Steve's eyes.

Billy snorted. "Like that clears anything up. You think mine's not a ten? She's a fucking eleven."

An eleven, huh. He couldn't see Billy with anything less so it made sense. But it felt awful. For a moment, Eleven's face crossed Steve's mind but he quickly pushed her aside knowing Billy wasn't hot for a thirteen year old. He wasn't sure Billy even knew El was short for Eleven.

Steve bit his lip and shifted against the wall. This shack had to be

the most uncomfortable place he'd ever stepped foot into and he'd been in a maze of underground tunnels with demon vines that wanted to kill him and four kids who moronically thought they were invincible.

"Come on, Harrington, stop fucking holding out. What's she look like that's got you so hot that you're running around the woods looking for a place to take care of Old Faithful?"

Steve didn't want to lie, it was so hard to remember the details of lies so the only thing he was going to lie about was the gender. Everything else had to be the truth or none of Billy's god damn business.

"Fine, fine, I'll tell you. Sheesh. You're like a dog with a bone," Steve said.

Billy smirked and reached for his pack of smokes again.

Steve thought for a moment, scouring Billy's face and body for details that seemed general enough not to raise any suspicions. "Okay, so... she's...she's got these really pretty eyes. Like...the prettiest eyes I've ever seen and when she looks at me I just..."

"Sprout a tree in your pants?" Billy's hand motioned towards Steve's crotch again, where his erection was still there, but not as prominent as earlier.

"Har har. No. I just...I get all stupid and don't know how to act," Steve said. That part was true. The fishing poles could attest to it.

"Sounds like you got it bad. But pretty eyes..." Billy clicked his tongue a few times, "you gotta give me more than that to go on, a lot of girls have pretty eyes. What color are they?"

Steve already knew, but he couldn't stop himself from looking directly into Billy's eyes to soak in their beauty. "Blue."

"So not old lady Nancy then..." Billy said.

"What? No. I told you it wasn't her. I'm over her. It's someone else," Steve said. "This girl, she's just...got these pretty lips and her ass..."

she's got a perfect ass. She's gorgeous, I mean, that's just how it is. She's gorgeous and there's no other girl that looks like her."

Billy bit his lower lip and grinned. "Now you're talking." He took another drag of his cigarette and shifted his weight.

Steve glanced down at the movement and saw a bulge in Billy's jeans. Oh. Well. Fuck. Steve swallowed hard and looked away, checking on the fishing poles again.

"If your girl has blue eyes then it's not the same girl," Billy said, drawing Steve's gaze back to him. "Mine has darker eyes. Sometimes they look brown, but...hazel really, especially if you catch 'em in the right light."

Oh. Billy's girl is real. She has eyes and everything. Brownish-hazel eyes.

Steve suddenly felt really stupid. This thing, crushing on Billy, it was about the dumbest thing he'd ever done and he'd helped those kids climb into a hole to set fire to a monster from another reality.

His face burned and to top it all off, his shoelaces were dirty. He'd just noticed, just now as he stared at the floor. He couldn't remember the last time he paid attention to his shoes, but now they were all he could focus on because the clenching in his chest was too much to bear.

"Shit, Harrington, it's almost like you wanted it to be the same girl. I thought you'd be relieved," Billy said, but there was no teasing in his voice, just curious acknowledgment.

Willing himself to act normal, Steve looked up and found Billy chewing on a cuticle on this thumb. He looked unsure, unsettled. Steve had to shake this off. "Yeah, I guess I thought...it was more fun not knowing, you know. Mystery is gone now."

"Hell no, there's still plenty of mystery. You don't know who mine is and I still don't have a clue who yours is as you've managed to describe half the girls in America."

"Not half. Blue eyes aren't that common and when I say she's got a

perfect ass, I'm not exaggerating because I like her, she's seriously got the perfect ass." Steve held his hands out in front of him, cupping them in perfect proportion and wagging his eyebrows.

Billy smirked. "She sounds hot."

"She is," Steve said. "But it's...it's more than just her looks for me. What about yours? What's she like?"

"Hnnnn... if I start talking about her, I'm gonna need to...you know..." Billy's eyes flicked down to his own jeans then back up to meet Steve's eyes. His tongue slid along his lower lip. "Thinking about her does things to me."

"Oh, uh, hey man, if you need to be alone, I can leave." Steve pushed off the wall, reaching for the troublesome latch.

"You don't have to leave," Billy said quickly and Steve paused, unsure what he meant. "We can share the space. I'm pretty sure you don't have anything I haven't seen before."

Steve's mouth ran dry and his heart started hammering in his chest. Did Billy Hargrove just suggest they jack off together? Not *together-together*, but like...together. By themselves, but in the same room. Where they could see each other.

"I just..." Steve stammered. "Haven't..."

"What? You've never jerked off in front of a guy before?" Billy's cigarette dangled precariously from his mouth while he unbuttoned his jeans and fingered the zipper, his belt somehow already undone. When had that happened?

"No, I have. Just...been forever. Not since like seventh grade." Great Steve, tell him every shameful thing you've ever done.

"Tommy?" Billy lowered his zipper.

"No." Steve slowly moved back to his spot against the wall. This was one of those bad-good ideas, but maybe if he saw Billy get off then his cock would be forever satisfied and stop bothering him so much about the guy. "This other guy. He moved away before high school.

But it wasn't weird or anything. He stayed on his side of the room and I stayed on mine. There wasn't much light and it only happened because we didn't have anywhere else to go."

"Same. Sixth grade for me though. I always knew you were a late bloomer, Steve." Billy chuckled as he plucked the cigarette out of his mouth and crushed it against one of the cinderblocks. "It's really just a matter of convenience and we *are* stuck out here together babysitting the brats so...if you're cool with it...it's no big deal to me."

First, Billy had called him Steve instead of Harrington. Second, Billy was cool with jacking off in front of him and third, shit, the kids. All the chaperones were off in the woods chasing their hormones while the munchkins were back at camp unprotected.

His cock twitched, still straining behind the thick layer of denim and threatened him that if he left now to go watch those kids, it'd never come out and play again so long as he lived. Billy Hargrove was standing less than three feet from him with his pants undone and Steve's cock was not going to miss this to save the world.

They stared at each other, Billy waiting on Steve's decision.

"Fuck you. Late bloomer, *as if*." Steve broke the silence with his usual banter to let Billy know he was cool with talking about it. But he unbuckled his belt and flipped the button on his jeans out of the hole to let Billy know he was down with actually acting on it.

Billy's eyes tracked each of Steve's actions.

"You just going to watch me, perv, or are you going to tell me about the girl you like?" Steve asked, proud he mustered up some *I'm totally straight* banter again.

Billy grinned and then he bit his lower lip, of course. "She's tall, sorta lanky but not. And she's got this...big hair—" Billy waved his hand around his head—"that kinda sticks up all the time. I'm always wanting to push it down and see if it springs back up."

"Have you?" Steve slowly worked his zipper down.

Billy's hands were back on his jeans too, well, inside his jeans really. "Pushed her hair down? Not yet. I'll get around to it one day. She seems kinda uptight about it, I'm thinking she'll tell me to stop."

"Girls. Always hung up on their hair," Steve scoffed. "Hmmm, okay so she's tall, maybe lanky, but maybe not, got hazel eyes—*sometimes*—and touchy about her big hair that sticks up. So, what else?" Steve asked as his mind tried to cobble together what this girl might look like.

Billy pulled his hand out of his pants and Steve freaked that he might've changed his mind, but then he used both hands to push his jeans all the way down to his fucking thighs, revealing the outline of his hard cock in his briefs. "I'm like...really into her thighs for some reason."

Steve faltered now that he could see Billy stroke the outline of his cock. Fuck, he couldn't just stare at his dick the whole time. Steve's eyes returned to the fishing poles, who were probably thinking he was flirting with them with as much attention as he'd given them in the last few minutes. "Thighs...okay. Um, what's so hot about her thighs?"

"They're thick and wide, but the way they support her ass...mmmmmm," Billy said, holding his hands out to show how big around her thighs are when Steve glances back at him. Either Billy sucks at estimating when he makes hand gestures or she's got tree trunks for legs that hold up her wide, behemoth ass.

Steve was just about to fist his cock and pull it out when he realizes that the image his mind has formed of Billy's girl is really not that attractive. "Wait, what? Dude...so you're telling me she's overly tall with thick thighs and big hair that sticks straight up. She sounds like fucking Sasquatch."

Billy laughed. "I'm telling you, she's hot. Trust me."

But Steve can't trust him because the description he has to work with has this overgrown woman in his mind with miles of frizzy hair that sticks up in all directions like she's been electrocuted and enormous thighs that hold up her billboard sized ass. Oh and flickering eyes

that change color. Clearly she's from the Upside Down.

"Well, she sounds hideous with the way you describe her." Steve is just teasing, of course, but the girl he's picturing is really not the type he imagined Billy would be into. That and he's now accidentally imagined her as a female *demogorgon* with soccer thighs and a bouffant.

"She's the prettiest thing I've ever seen," Billy said, lazily stroking himself through his underwear. "I pity your imagination if all you can imagine is fucking Sasquatch."

Steve laughed nervously because Billy had no idea that Sasquatch was the *hotter* version of what he'd imagined thus far. Neither of them had pulled their cocks directly out into the open yet and Steve wondered who would break first. Dear God, let it be Billy.

"Okay, okay, let's review. My girl has *the* perfect ass. Your girl has tree trunks for legs to *support* her ass. I mean, how big is her fucking ass if she needs two trees to support it?" Steve asked.

Billy cracked up again, laughing like it was the funniest thing he'd ever heard. "Fuck, Harrington. When you say it like that, she does sound kinda hideous. But I never said she has a big ass. Her ass is cute, small, kinda flat really."

"Wow, a *flat* ass. Way to really sell it Hargrove." Steve smiled.

"A *cute* flat ass. You have selective hearing, *Harrington*." The way Billy said his name shot liquid heat right into Steve's dick.

But the way Billy's hand finally disappeared under his briefs and fisted his cock had Steve in shambles. He could see the outline of Billy's knuckles through his underwear, moving up and down and even though he couldn't actually see his cock yet, it was the hottest thing Steve had ever seen.

They made eye contact. Shit. Billy bit his lower lip ever so slightly, his eyes only leaving his when he closed them in a wash of momentary bliss. Catching his breath, Steve looked down and swallowed hard. It was now or never.

His heart pounded as he lowered his jeans and boxers a bit more, fully baring himself to Billy. His cock rejoiced when he *finally* took hold of it and ran his thumb along the head while settling into his usual grip around the shaft.

He had estimated he'd be a ninety second man tonight, but his dick had turned a bit shy now that Billy was able to see it. Thankfully it stayed hard, but he wasn't as on the edge as before. Feeling stupid and hearing how Billy liked some girl had really taken its toll on his arousal. Wondering if Billy was sizing him up also didn't help.

"Never would have guessed you're an ass man," Billy said in between hitched little breaths.

"Never would have guessed you're a leg man," Steve replied. "Would've guessed you were an ass man actually. Or tits. Why legs?"

Billy *finally* pulled his cock free of his briefs. Fuck, his dick was perfect. He'd seen it in the showers a time or two, but never hard and certainly never with Billy's hand wrapped around it. Steve had to look away, he'd looked for far too long already.

"I'm a face man actually. But her legs...every time I see them I can't help but imagine what they'd feel like strung up around my hips. And you? Ass-man Harrington. Just like to look at it or do you actually want to get in there and fuck her in the ass?"

Heat rushed up Steve's neck. Fuck. Now he was thinking about fucking Billy. In the ass. Fuck it, who was he kidding, he was also thinking about Billy fucking him. Maybe in a perfect world they'd switch. Steve closed his eyes and slowed his hand down to stave off coming too soon. The shyness was gone now that images of fucking Billy danced in his head.

"Ever done anal?" Billy asked.

Steve shook his head. "No. You?"

"Maybe your new girl will let you...I mean, if she has a perfect ass like you say...it's almost as if she was made to take it," Billy said.

“You didn’t answer,” Steve blurted out. Normally, he’d let someone slide if they sidestepped a direct question but not this time, not now.

Billy’s hand stopped moving. He shrugged. “Not yet.”

“Not yet? Got big plans?” Steve was just talking without thinking now, his big brain scrambling to keep up with the conversation as his eyes took precedent over everything as they scoured Billy’s body for information then transmitted all the highlights straight to his dick.

Like the way Billy’s jaw clenched and unclenched in what Steve assumed was his inner struggle with tensing because of the pleasure then relaxing to fully allow it. That piece of information really made Steve’s dick happy. God knows why.

“Yeah. I have big plans.”

Steve closed his eyes, overloaded with visual stimulation that had him ready to come. But with his eyes closed and the sudden lull in their conversation, he could hear every single noise. Like how their strokes were slightly out of sync but at a similar speed. And how Billy had started breathing harder through his nose while Steve was already breathing through parted lips.

For a moment, Steve let his mind drift and imagined that it was Billy’s hand on him, not his own. The sounds amplified his fantasy so much he could almost believe it was real. Almost. But then he opened his eyes he saw that Billy was still standing across from him, stroking himself and staring him down.

Their eyes locked for the umpteenth time that night, but the intensity in Billy’s eyes *this* time—the heat, the *I’m going to tear you apart and you’re going to fucking like it* look—jolted all of Steve’s senses and pushed him over the edge.

He erupted into his hand.

Several things happened then. Steve’s eyes closed during his orgasm, his head tilted down toward his cock. He momentarily blissed out and lost track of his surroundings but as he spasmed slightly in release, he opened his eyes just in time to see Billy come undone.

Unlike Steve, Billy threw his head back, but likewise, closed his eyes. His body jerked a bit harder than Steve imagined his own had, though he wasn't really sure considering how all-encompassing his orgasm had been, one of the few best ones he'd ever had actually. Billy also groaned—*moaned*—grunted. Steve wasn't sure what to call the noise Billy made but whatever it was it sounded divine and he wanted to hear it again and again whenever possible.

He vaguely wondered if Billy would want to jerk off with him again.

Billy squeezed his cock then let go of it. Steve would know, because he was still watching and if Billy opened his eyes, he would catch him staring like a perv. Once again, Steve had to force his eyes to the fishing poles. And the oar. Which he now wondered if he should just call it a paddle. Was there really a difference? It was the same broken stick thingy people used to move boats along. It hadn't changed, only the term he called it had changed.

Fuck. Steve turned his eyes back to Billy just to escape his own mentalism and ironic debating on if he was bisexual, gay or straight. Clearly not straight. Maybe gay. Definitely bi. He was the same Steve though, he hadn't changed, just the way he labeled himself might be changing.

Billy was still mysteriously just a piece of wood that people used to boat around. Steve didn't know if he should call him an oar or a paddle.

A deep, relieved laugh captured his attention. “Whooooo! I needed that,” Billy said as he tucked himself back into his briefs then worked his tight jeans back up his hips. It was the most seductive thing Steve had ever seen, Billy working his jeans back onto his hips like it was a private show just for him.

Steve couldn't really move. Not yet. He just stood there, cock in hand, noticing that he'd managed to get some on the floor and on the tip of his right shoe and thinking about how fucked he was that Billy getting dressed turned him on as much as Billy get undressed had. Swell.

When Billy procured another cigarette and held the pack out in

offering, Steve finally let go of his cock and grabbed the pack (with his spunk free hand) and then went about putting himself back together. Belatedly, he realized he should have dressed *first*. He wedged the pack of smokes between his bicep and side of his chest but when he tried to grab the band of his boxers, his arm started to crush the soft box.

Pausing, he thought for a moment before maneuvering the pack underneath his chin, which limited his range of motion but at least both arms were free to resituate his boxers and jeans. And just as he got the button back through the hole, the smokes slipped and fell to the floor before he could catch them. Of course, he *tried* to catch them and missed, his fingertips grazing the slick plastic wrap around the pack but not gaining any leverage. At least they hadn't fallen into the wet spot between his feet.

With a sigh, he bent over and snatched the pack off the floor. This had better be the best smoke of his life for all the trouble it caused him. He pulled out a cigarette as he righted himself and when he looked up, he was met with the most infectious smile he'd ever seen on Billy's face. He was pretty sure Billy's eyes glittered with something akin to joy or happiness.

"What?" Steve asked, feeling equally delighted and uncomfortable being on display. He wanted to smile, he couldn't because of the nerves and all.

Billy pressed his lips together, almost as if trying to hide his smile. "I had no idea that you are like this..." Billy waved his arm toward him.

Anxiety shot through Steve like a bullet. "Like what?" He asked all too quickly. Fuck. Please no. Don't let this turn into ridicule. He couldn't handle being laughed at right now.

Billy took a drag of his cigarette, still struggling *not* to smile and failing miserably. He was still fucking smiling, like a lot. Asshole.

"I should have known, though, after watching you play basketball," Billy said.

As if *that* explanation helped clarity *anything*. Steve felt panic and fear like he'd never felt before, not even when he'd first seen the demogorgon at Byer's house. He swallowed hard and prepared himself for the worst.

"It's cute," Billy said. "You're cute. You sort of fumble around with everything. The fishing rods, the smokes. Almost like you're clumsy but it's more...endearing or something. Like Bambi learning to walk."

Steve's entire body relaxed. Oh. Billy just thought he was a bungling idiot. Great. But at least he didn't think Steve was gay or bi or a great, big pervert. Just cute. Wait, cute?

Billy thought he was cute?

"I like it." Billy said and Steve swallowed hard again.

"Oh. Thanks..." Steve said, because *that* was all his brain could formulate in response to being told Billy thinks he's cute and likes that Steve bumbles around. Maybe they were having a moment between them. Like for real.

"You need a light?" Billy asked and Steve glanced down at his hand where he still held the unlit smoke.

"Oh, uh, yeah. Thanks." Steve put the cigarette in his mouth as Billy pushed off the work bench and closed the distance between them.

Blood rushed into Steve's ears as his heart pumped faster at the proximity. Of all the things that had happened tonight, somehow *this* was the most intimate thing—Billy stepping into his personal bubble space, crowding him and flicking the lighter to life as Steve inhaled.

Their eyes met again. Billy didn't step back, not even when it was obvious the cigarette had taken the light and didn't need further help. Steve swore he felt the sexual electricity between them, the electricity he had told Dustin about—the green light that meant it was mutual.

"Damn Steve, it must've been that good for you if you can't even string together a sentence," Billy said. "If I'd known all I had to do to

shut up was get you to come, I would have suggested it a long time ago.”

Steve couldn’t believe Billy, of all people, would say that. “Me!? You’re the one who never shuts up,” Steve said but it had no bite, just banter and massive relief, because maybe, just maybe, Billy had felt the chemistry too.

Billy stepped back and stretched his arms over his head. “Yeah, yeah. Fuck you.”

“You wish,” Steve said, immediately regretting his choice of words, but Billy didn’t seem to register it. He got a friendly slap on the shoulder instead. And a squeeze.

“So listen, about this girl you like. Point her out to me at school and I’ll help you, be your wingman. I promise I won’t make a play for her,” Billy said and every single thought Steve had had that something was brewing *between* him and Billy evaporated. Oh right, *the girls*.

“Sure, okay.” Steve didn’t know why he was agreeing, he couldn’t just point to any girl and expect Billy to drop it. Or maybe he could. He could always magically pretend to get over her before Billy sauntered over and wing manned it up for him. “I, uh, let me know if you need any help with your...situation.”

Billy gave him a funny look. “It’s fine, I have a plan. Just looking for the right opportunity. But if she’s not into the confident bad boy thing, I’ll be sure to get a lesson or two from you on the charming and disarming good boy act you got going on.”

Disarming. Huh. Interesting. Did that mean he had snuck past Billy’s wall of angst and found the real boy underneath it all? Billy being charmed by Steve’s awkwardness actually disarmed Steve and made Billy just as charming. How ironic.

Steve rubbed his chin. “I’m a good teacher,” he said then smirked, “but no offense, I don’t think the good boy act will work for you. Might want to stick to what you know, doesn’t seem to be holding you back. Don’t you have like *every* girl in Hawkins tripping over

themselves to be with you?"

Billy's eyes flicked down as he dropped eye contact with Steve. He shrugged. "Not every girl."

Feeling bold, Steve returned the friendly gesture and slapped his hand over Billy's shoulder. And squeezed. "She's probably just playing hard to get. You'll get her."

Those beautiful blue eyes jumped back to Steve's. "Maybe. Come on, let's get out of here, this place is where fishing poles and paddles go to die."

"Hey, those are my friends you're talking about!" Steve joked, waving toward the corner. "We bonded and everything."

Billy laughed, another genuine laugh Steve managed to pull out of him. "Yeah, I saw. Was more like a round in the ring and they won. You barely got out of there alive, Harrington."

"Fuck you," Steve said as he reached for the old lantern.

Billy dodged past him and snatched it first. "Jesus, I got it. Knowing you, you'll burn the whole place down Bambi."

Rolling his eyes, Steve opened the door, and stepped outside as the light faded behind him. Billy followed him out and shut the door though Steve doubted he'd managed to lock it after breaking in. Probably didn't matter, nothing of value in there anyway.

As they started back for camp, it crossed Steve's mind that Billy had called it a paddle. Not that that meant anything, but still, Steve could pretend like it meant something.

He wanted it to mean something.

Author's Note:

I actually wrote this before my other Billy/Steve fics and totally forgot to post it.

I love how Steve thinks Billy's crush is unattractive based on how Billy describes her, if only he

knew...hahaha

Billy and Steve have ruined me. THANK GOD! ^^